

THE FIRST GRAY HAIR.

BY THE LATE GILBERT A. GAMBLE, ESQ.

The matron of her mirror, with her hand upon her brow,
Bis gracing on her lovely face—saye lovely even now!
Why doth she lean upon her hand with such a look of
ease?

Why stoneth that tear across her cheek?—Bheeseth her first
gray hair.

Time from her form hath taken away but little of its
grace;

A touch of thought hath dignified the beauty of her
face;

Yet she might singe in the dance where maidens gaily
trip;

So bright is still her hazel eye, so beautiful her lip.

The fated form is often mark'd by sorrow more than
years;

The wrinkles on the cheek may be the course of secret
tears;

The mournful lip may murmur of a love it ne'er confess'd,

But the darkness of the eye betrays a heart that cannot
rest.

But she hath been a happy wife—the lover of her youth
May proudly claim the smile that pays the trial of his
youth;

A sense of slight—of loneliness—hath never banish'd
sleep;

Her life hath been a cloudless one;—then, therefore doth
she weep?

She looked upon her raven locks;—what thought did they
recall?

Oh! not of nights when they were deck'd for banquet or
for ball;

They brought back thoughts of early youth, o'er she had
learnt to check;

With artifical wreaths, the curls that sported o'er the
neck.

She seemed to feel her mother's hand pass lightly
through her hair;

And drew it from her brow, to leave a kiss of kindness
there;

She seemed to view her father's smile, and feel the
physical touch;

Those sometimes feign'd to steal away the curl she
loved so much.

And now she sees her first gray hair; oh, deem it not a
crime.

For her to weep—when she beholds the first foot mark
of Time!

She knows that one by one, those mute mementoes will
increase,

And stell youth, beauty, strength away, till life itself
shall cease.

Tis not the tear of vanity for beauty on the wane—
Yet think the blossom may not right to bud, and bloom
again;

I cannot but remember with a feeling of regret,

The spring forever gone—the Summer sun somberly set;

Alas! I heed the monitor; thy mirror tells the truth,

Assume the matron's folded veil, resign the wreath of
youth;

God—bind it on thy daughter's brow, in her thou'lt still
look fair;

Twere well would all learn wisdom who behold the
first gray hair!

From the *Ladies' Repository*.

LILY DONGAS.

By MISS SARAH C. EDGARTON.

SWEET Lily Dongas! How would thy soft,
smiling cheek be crimsoned at the sight of thy
gloomy home in a hovel—thyself a heroine! Nay, Lily,
be it from me to make thee a heroine, for the
life has been peaceful and silent—thyself as timid
and as lowly as thy own sweet name sake by some
valley-founding; but thy very humility and gentle
ness have won for thee this tribute, and their shal-
thy name be registered as a memorial of goodness
and beauty.

On a Sabbath morning, a little maiden might be seen going
gracefully down the slope in front of an elegant in-
terior cottage, now and then pausing to pluck a wild
geranium or purple fox glove from the pathway,
and always stopping at the foot of the hill to breath
in equanimity. She wore a close straw bonnet, encircled
by her own little hands, and entwined with a garland
of small bellflowers, also wrought by her
own taste and industry. Her emblazon dress was
very white, and her pinkish waist always hung grace-
fully over her sloping shoulders and about her slender
form. She was a lovely little maiden, and her
name was Lily Dongas.

In the village church of Blenheim, after the Minister
had read his hymn, and the viol had sounded,
ever above the green curtain of the gallery was
seen a sweet face rising, pale at first as a young
snow-drop, but soon softly tinged with a blush of
modesty to find itself the object of a multitude of
eyes. And in the rustling blue eyes was ever the
light of love and truth, and around the rosy lips
over a quiet smile was resting, and from those lips
spoke sweet and thrilling tones that penetrated
the hearts of the listeners, and subdued them to the
worship of God. That face, that eye, that smile,
those tones, belonged to Lily Dongas.

Lily was the only child of a widowed mother—
her pride and joy and only hope in life. They en-
joyed all the elegancies of wealth without any of
its ostentation and vanities. They cultivated their
minds and hearts, and availed themselves of all the
refinements of taste and literature. But dress, and
equation, and pomp of every kind, was equally
abominable to both. It was pleasant to step into
their parlor on a summer morning, and witness their
employment at an hour when the fashionable
world is curling, and frizzing and coqueting at the
toilet. Mrs. Dongas would be found in her rock-
ing-chair with her infant knitting, and Lily on an
ottoman at her side, reading the sciences, copying
poetry, or sewing her mother's dresses. Sometimes
this sweet girl would be surrounded by a group of
the village children, teaching them lessons of good—
now from a flower, and now from a mineral—
sometimes learning them simple hymns, and sometimes
feeling them read poetry with feeling and emphasis.
Often her pure brow would be shaded
with roses and primroses, which the little creatures
loved to twine for her, and often their arms would
be found encircling her neck, and infantile caresses
endear themselves upon her lips.

Lily was loved, everywhere and by every body.
By the village maidens of her own age and condition,
she was affectionately admired without being envied;
by the young men her smiles was universally
coveted; by the poor she was blushed and praved for—
by the ignorant, reverenced and consulted.
Lily was kind and gentle to every thing—
to the young and old; and all, nowtworth so
prideless a soul, could be found to despise her.

You are complimentary to night.'

'No, I am merely serious, and—frank.'

The conversation became less personal, and they
gradually recovered from their mutual embarrassment.
James was very enter-taining—Lily very
interested—and Mrs. Alston was quiet and thoughtful,
but Lily rose at length from her seat.

'I must return home, for mother is alone, and
will be watching for me.'

'Not so soon, Lily, pray, not quite so soon.'

'I will return before long.'

'Oh, dear girl, and God bless you.'

The evening was fine—the moon uneventfully
radiant. James drew Lily's arm somewhat closely
in as he stepped from the door. They walked
on a little distance in silence.

'It is a very lovely evening,' said the maiden.

'Very.'

'Much, very much, but I must not speak.'

'Why?'

'Oh, Lily, dear Lily. Would you could know
what is in my heart!'

'I do know, James.'

'Do know, and speak so kindly! Dear girl;
then you pity me, do you not?'

'Not at all.'

'Oh, Lily, why will you not pity me?'

'Because you do not need pity.'

James stopped. 'I know not whether I may
hope or not. Say one word, Lily—if you will not
 pity me, will you, can you, love me?'

'I can, James, I do.'

'Then I am blest forever. Oh, my own Lily,
heaven bless you for this love. How long, how
happily have I coveted it!'

'And yet, what would not I? Indeed, James,
have half a mind to recall it now.'

'Do not, dearest, I beseech you, for I have ad-
ded it of God with tears, and long, long prayers—'

'But I am poor and humble, and all, nowtworth so
prideless a soul. I feared you would but despise
me, were I to make my love known.'

And the reader need know nothing more—for,
with hearts so good and so gentle, and with spirits
so perfectly attuned, could they be otherwise than
richly blessed? They were blest—temporally and
spiritually blessed; and Lily Alston was as sin-
cerely and universally loved and respected as ever Lily
Dongas had been.

Let a woman once think you are unapproachable,
and, unless she is unlike all other women, she will
still want to conquer you.

painful breathing of the young sufferer, the sacred-
ness of the relation existing between brother and
sister, the sorrow of that manly heart and her own
tender grief, all brought their solemnity and reality
upon her heart, and she forgot the restraints and
timidity of feminine reserve, and spoke to her com-
panion as frankly as though crowds had been around
them.

'Caroline sleeps very painfully; were I not afraid
of a relapse of those fearful agonies, I would break
her shoulder. But you, James, must come away
from her side; you are not accustomed, as I am,
to scenes like this. Go sit by the window, and
draw your thoughts away from sickness and death.
Come, my friend, you are very pale—come with
me to this window for a moment. There—is not
all bright and beautiful above? Tears and pain,
and grief are not there—sickness can never pass
the stars, but Caroline can, and she will be at rest
soon. The struggles of her spirit are nearly over—

How soft and heavenly sounded that gentle voice
to the heart of James Alston. Overpowered by
contending emotions, by grief, and struggling health,
and all conquering love, he leaned his head upon
her shoulder and wept—bitterly, yet sweetly wept.
She moved not; she spoke not, for she felt that his
grief was holy; but her fair form shook with the
emotions of her heart—and she sobbed—sobbed
convulsively, although there were no tears. For
a few moments they stood together thus, in their
grief and unspeakable love—but a groan from the sick
one awoke them.

'Forgive me, Lily—love,' half murmured Alston
as he turned his back to the bedside of his sister.
He had awaked, and was in violent agonies.

For hours the two watchers hung almost breath-
less over the dying girl, using every exertion to al-
leviate her sufferings; but in vain were all their
efforts, all their kindness. Ere morning came, she
was in peace; for she slept in the sheltering arms
of death. The mother came from her restless bed
to imprint a farewell kiss—James and Lily received
a low-bred blessing, and all was over with Caroline for ever.

Month passed away, and James and Lily
met not at church, or when occasionally the sweet
girl called at his humble home to carry consolation
to his mother. He met her there, but it was as if
they had met in earlier days. He had called her
'love' once, but he dared not, or cared not to repeat it. Sometimes his heart beat quick and violently,
when he met her soft eye fixed tenderly upon him, and when he observed a faint blush stand
over her cheek while he addressed her, a gleam of
sunshine would pass down into his soul, and he almost suffered a timid hope to plant itself within
his heart.

Meanwhile, Lily was silently and slowly forming
a resolution, upon whose results were to depend
the happiness of many a human being who may be affected.
I long to see, on the sick bed of my sister, the
same kind of sympathy, the same tenderness, the
same love, the same self-sacrifice, the same self-forgetfulness
which I have seen in the life of James Alston.

She resolved to go to Boston, and seek a cure
for herself, and to return to her home to care for
her mother.

She sought the advice of her physician, Dr. H. C.
Hawkins, who recommended a course of diet and
exercise, and a change of air.

She took up her abode in a small room in a
modest house, and followed a strict course of diet and
exercise, and a change of air.

She was a picture of health and beauty, and
attracted the notice of many a young man, who
admired her modesty and her gentle ways.

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